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MISCELLANY.

A Daring Southern Loyalist.

The "Annals of the Army of the Cumberland," is a valuable and interesting work. The most interesting and novel parts of it are doubtless the chapters relating to the spy and police systems of the army. Perhaps the most remarkable story in this volume is the following, of a daring Southern loyalist, whose operations appear at one time to have been important:

THE NAMELESS SPY.

This man, says the author, went into and came out from Bragg's army at Murfreesboro', three times, during the week of battles at Stone River—even dined at the table of Bragg and of his other Generals—brought us correct information of the force and position of the rebel army, and of the boast of its head officers. He was the first to assure us positively that Bragg would fight at Stone River, telling us of that general's boast that "he would whip Rosecrans' back to Nashville if it cost ten thousand men." For the four days' service thus rendered by our spy he was paid five thousand dollars by order of our general, and the author saw the money paid over to him.

In 1862 there lived in the State of— a Union man, with wife and children. He was a friend of the Union and an anti-slavery man upon principle. After the rebellion broke out, and the "southern heart" had become fired, this man, living in a violent pro-slavery region, and surrounded by opulent slaveholders, his own family connections and those of his wife being rich and bitter secessionists, very prudently held his peace, feeling his utter inability to stem the tide of secession in his section. Thus, without tacit admissions, or any direct action on his part, the gentleman of whom we write was classed by the people of his section as a secessionist.

Circumstances occurred during that year by which this person was brought into contact with a federal commander in Kentucky, Gen. Nelson. Their meeting and acquaintance was accidental. Mutual Union sentiments begat personal sympathy and friendship. Nelson wished a certain service performed in the rebel territory, and he persuaded the citizen to undertake it, which the latter finally did as a matter of duty we are assured, rather than of gain, for he made no charge for the service, after its speedy and successful performance. Soon after, a similar work was necessary; and again was the citizen importuned, and he again consented, but not considering himself as a professional spy.

During this or a similar trip to Chattanooga, our man heard of the sudden death of Gen. Nelson. He was now at a loss what to do. Finally he determined to return and report his business to Gen. Rosecrans, who had assumed command of the federal army. Thus resolved, he proceeded to fulfill his mission. After ascertaining the position of military affairs at Chattanooga, he came to Murfreesboro', where Bragg's army was then collecting. Staying here several days, he was urged by his southern army friends to act as their spy in Kentucky. The better to conceal his own feelings and position, he consented to do so, and he left Gen. Bragg's headquarters to go to that State via Nashville, feigning important business, and from thence to go to his home, passing by and through Rosecrans' army, as it lay stretched out between Nashville and Louisville.

GENERAL BRAG TAKEN IN.

The nameless man now makes his way to the federal headquarters, seeks a private interview with Gen. Rosecrans, and states his case fully as we have just related. Here was something remarkable, surely—a spy in the confidence of the commanders of two great opposing armies! Our general took pains to satisfy himself of the honesty and soundness of the stranger. He was pleased with the man's candid manner, and his story bore an air of consistency and truth. Yet he was a Southerner, surrounded by rebellious influences, and enjoyed Bragg's confidence; and what guaranty could be given that he was a Union man at heart? None; and our general, in great perplexity, held council with his chief of police, and requested the latter to "dig up" the case to its very root. This was done but in what manner we need not especially state. Satisfied that it would do to trust the spy to a certain extent at least, he was now sent on his way to perform his mission for Bragg. At all events, that scheming general so supposed when our man's report was made at the rebel headquarters a few days afterwards. His information was very acceptable to Bragg; but we strongly question its value to rebellion, as the spy reported only what was told by that old fox Colonel Truesdell.

Perhaps the reader will here inquire,—How can we answer for the report thus made to Bragg? It may have been more true and valuable than we supposed. Well, there is force in the query. However, we were then quite confident of the worthlessness

ness of the report of our spy to Bragg, because he had nothing else to tell him. For five days did our spy keep himself locked in a private room in the police building at Nashville. His meals were carried to him by a trusty servant. His door was "shadowed" constantly by our best detectives, and so were his steps if he ventured upon the street for a few moments after dark. It was cold and bleak winter weather, and he toasted himself before his comfortable fire, read books and papers, and conferred often with the Chief of Police and his assistant, affording them, strangers as they were to that region of country, a fund of valuable information respecting the rebels of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was a man of fine address and good intellectual attainments. When our man concluded it was about time for his return to Bragg's army, he was politely escorted by our mounted police to a proper point beyond our lines, and by a route where he would see nothing of our forces. The reader will now appreciate the grounds of our confidence, we doubt not, in the worthlessness of at least one of Gen. Braxton Bragg's spy reports.

In due time this nameless gentleman again enters our lines, and is escorted in by our pickets to the general commanding, to whom he reports in person concerning all that is transpiring in Bragg's army at Murfreesboro', and then he resumes his pleasant private quarters at the army police building. After a brief stay, another trip was made by our man to Bragg's headquarters, we using the same precautions as previously. In fact, our spy desired and even demanded such attentions at the hands of the Chief of Police. Said he: "I am a stranger to you all. I can give you no guaranty whatever of my good faith. It is alike due to you and to myself that I be allowed no opportunities for deceiving you."

The report he carried to Bragg on his second trip delighted the latter. His officers talked with our man freely, and after staying at Murfreesboro' two or three days, and riding and walking all about in the most innocent and unbecoming manner, he was again sent back to Nashville to "fool that slow Dutchman, Rosecrans," as one of the rebel officers remarked. Of the importance of the report now brought to the "slow Dutchman," we need not state further than it contributed its true weight to a decision fraught with tremendous consequences to the army and to the country. Marching orders were soon after issued for the advance of the Cumberland upon Murfreesboro'.

TOOLS AND DANGERS.

Now commenced a period of excessive labor and peril for the nameless spy. Generals Rosecrans and Bragg each wanted instant and constant information as the armies approached. The minutiae of this man's work for four or five days we need not stop to relate; it is easily imagined. Within that time he entered the rebel lines and returned three times. He gave the outline of Bragg's line of battle, a close estimate of his force, an accurate account of his artillery and his earthworks, the movements of the rebel wagon and railroad trains, &c., &c. He was very earnest in assuring Rosecrans that Bragg intended to give severe battle with superior numbers.

The information proved true in all essentials, and its value to the country was inestimable. We had other spies piercing the rebel lines at this time, but they did not enjoy the facilities possessed by the nameless one. Almost with anguish did he exclaim against himself, in the presence of the author, for the severe manner in which he was deceiving the rebel general and involving the lives of his thousands of brave but deluded followers.

After the first great battle the work of such a spy is ended, or rather it ceases when the shock of arms comes on. Thenceforth the armies are moved upon the instant, as circumstances may require. Our man, who during the four days had been almost incessantly in the saddle, or with his ears and eyes painfully observant while in the camps, took leave of our army upon the battlefield, and retired to a place of rest.

One incident occurred during his last visit to Bragg which is worthy of mention. That general took alarm in consequence of his report, and took alarm in consequence of his report, and at once started a special messenger to Gen. John H. Morgan—who was then absent with his cavalry in Kentucky to destroy Rosecrans' railroad communications (in which Morgan succeeded) to return instantly with his command by forced marches to Murfreesboro'. That same night our messenger told what route he would take, &c. The information was telegraphed at once to Nashville, Gallatin and Bowling Green, and a force was sent from each of these posts to intercept the messenger. They failed to apprehend him, which, however, proved of no consequence, as the battles of Stone River were fought and Bragg was on his retreat from Mur-

freesboro' by the time Morgan could have received the orders.

Our spy was a brave man; yet during the last three days of his service he was most sensible of the peril. To pass between hostile lines in the lone hours of the night—for he did not wait for daylight—to be halted by guerrillas and scouts and pickets with guns aimed at him, and, finally, to meet and satisfy the anxious keen-eyed, heart-searching rebel officer, as well as our own was a mental as well as physical demand that could not long be sustained. While proceeding upon his last expedition, the author met the nameless one upon a by-road. We halted our horses, drew near, and conversed a few seconds in private, while our attendants and companions moved on. He was greatly exhausted and soiled in appearance, his clothing having been rained upon and splashed by muddy water, caused by hard riding, and which had dried upon him. He said he was about to try it once more, and, though he had been so often and so successful, yet he feared detection and its result—the bullet or the halter. He had been unable, amid the hurry and excitement, to make some final disposition of his affairs. He gave us a last message to send to his wife and children in case it became necessary; and he also desired a promise—most freely given that we would attend to the settlement of his account with our general for services recently rendered. Thus concluding, he wrung our hand most earnestly, and, putting spurs to his fresh and spirited animal, dashed off upon his mission. Twenty hours afterwards we were relieved of our anxious forebodings by his safe and successful return. We have stated the price paid him for his labors; it was well earned and to our cause was a most profitable investment.

Such a man may be nameless now, but when the war is over, and when its history is written, his courage and self-sacrifice will not be forgotten.

WHAT IS IT. In a recent lecture on "Peculiar People" by John B. Gough, the following amusing incident was related:

Two men, after drinking and carousing all night at a saloon, started in the morning to go home. It was a beautiful sunny morning. As they staggered along, the following conversation arose:

Inebriate No. 1—"How bright (hic) the moon shines!"

No. 2—"You don't call that (hic) moon do ye? That's (hic) sun!"

No. 1—"Taint—it's (hic) moon."

No. 2—"I tell ye it's sun!"

No. 1—"Well less leave (hic) matters to first man we meet."

No. 2—"Agreed."

The two toddled along for a short distance, when they chanced to meet a man in exactly the same condition as themselves. The individual was immediately treated to the following interrogation:

No. 1—"I say (hic) old fellow! We've got inier little 'pute; want you to (hic) help us out. My fren here says that's the sun, [pointing upward to old Sol, who was blazing fiercely down upon them] and I say it's moon. Now we're goin to leave the matter to you. What is it—sun or (hic) moon?"

The person addressed braced himself, after considerable difficulty, against a lamp post, and then commenced to scrutinize as well as he could, the burning orb overhead—repeating in a meditative tone of voice: "Sun—moon—sun—(hic)—moon." After a short "observation" he exclaimed: "Fact is, gentlemen, I'm a stranger in this part (hic) of the country, and I can't tell whether it's sun or (hic) moon."

Thus the matter was undecided, and inebriates Nos. 1 and 2 reeled away, baffled and disheartened by the unsatisfactory result of their search into astronomical mysteries.

Several years ago the sheriff of a frontier county was also proprietor of a tipping shop at which, during one of the sessions of the Court for the county, it was observed that several members of the Grand Jury were good customers. Afterwards the Sheriff was prosecuted for selling liquor contrary to law, and one of the "jurors aforesaid" was called to testify to the fact of his having, during the session of the Court, purchased liquor of the defendant; but he declined answering the questions put to him, on the ground that he had taken an oath to keep the secrets of the grand jury.

"Boys" said a village pedagogue the other day, "what is the meaning of all this noise in the school?"

"It is Bill Sikes, sir, who is all the time imitating a locomotive."

"Come up here, William, if you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

The day on which idle men work and fools reform, is—to-morrow.

Rubbing with Brandy.

We heard, the other day, of a singular and, we believe, new effect of the application of brandy as a medicine. A gentleman, convalescent from an attack of sickness was recommended by his physician to rub himself all over, morning and evening, with the best of brandy.

The invalid accordingly sent to his family grocer, with whom he had dealt for years, and ordered a sample of the best old Cognac. Home it came, and that very evening it was tried—outwardly, of course. The convalescent felt better, much better and he continued to feel better a day or two, until he awoke one morning and, to his horror, discovered that his entire cuticle—or, at least, where it had been rubbed with the old Cognac—had become of a deep crimson color.

He sprang out of bed in alarm. The family was aroused. A servant was despatched in hot haste for the doctor. The invalid's wife was terribly shaken by this never-before-heard-of catastrophe. What could be the cause of it? He looked a picture for a painter, as he sat before the looking-glass, in an arm-chair, and ruefully surveyed his crimson covering. It was almost ludicrous; it was quite as bad as Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse's predicament about his purple green hair. But this could be no laughing matter; it must be some extraordinary phenomenon, as he explained it to his wondering and alarmed family.

"And just imagine, my dear, how I shall look all my life, if this confounded thing isn't cured. Like a boiled lobster!—like a boiled lobster! I shall go by no other name! Oh dear me! oh dear me!"

The door-bell rang; the front door, opened; he rushed the doctor. For an instant he could not contain himself; he had to drop into a chair and laugh it out.

"Oh, it's very funny to you, no doubt doctor; but how would you like to go about the balance of your days, looking like an overdone lobster, hey?"

The doctor burst out again at this; but he saw that the sick man and his family were alarmed, and he soon sobered down to his usual pulse feeling.

"Maybe it's the iodine, doctor?" suggested the anxious wife.

"Oh, it's ironed in no doubt," said the patient, indulging the ruling passion strong in death.

The doctor shook his head.

"Has that rubbing been done according to my prescription?"

"Yes faithfully."

"Good brandy?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly, doctor. It is the very best; we use no other."

"Have you any left?"

"We have."

"Let me have it."

The brandy was brought; the doctor tasted it, and shook his head again.

"I'll take it home and examine it chemically. There are a great many tricks among the liquor dealers."

"Oh, no fear of that with our grocer! He sells none but the very best liquors, imported by himself."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes. And, besides, he is one of the deacons in our church, and noted for his piety and integrity."

"No doubt. I'll look into it, nevertheless. And quieting the family's alarm, the good doctor departed, the pure old Cognac in his great-coat pocket."

"That evening came a note from him:

"DEAR L.—Make yourself perfectly easy. The Cognac is first proof whiskey, and won't hurt you. It was the logwood in it that did your business. Yours professionally,

"S. Senna, M. D."

The invalid finally recovered his natural color, but no longer has confidence in that grocer.

THE REPORT RIGHTEY'S. "True Bill."

In one of the upper townships of this county reside two farmers, whose places are separated by a small creek. They are well-to-do people, but diametrically opposed in politics, and each noted for the zeal with which he defends his sentiments. Mr. M— being a straight, uncompromising Union man, and Mr. S— a Copperhead Democrat. Meeting a few days before the election, Mr. S— accosted his neighbor, saying:

"How is it, my friend M—, I hear there is a prevalent disease on your side of the creek?"

"Ah!" said M—, "what is the disease?"

"Nigger on the brain!" replied Mr. S—.

"Well," said M—, "that is a mere trifle compared with the malady existing on the other side."

"Indeed!" exclaimed S—; "and pray what can that be?"

"Traitor to the heart!" retorted M—.

The hit was palpable, and the conversation "took a turn." [Columbus Express.]

BREVITIES.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

The faults which are committed through excess of kindness, it requires small kindness to excuse.

The merriest people in the world are the Germans; they always have piping times.

It was a beautiful expression of Burke upon the death of his son, that his child in this world should be his ancestor in the skies. Elder born in glory—the junior in the household is the senior in Heaven.

A young man will compliment his sweetheart by telling her that her breath has the perfume of roses without being ashamed that his own has the stench of whiskey and tobacco.

Impertinence often passes for wit among the vulgar. A rural editor having published a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper upbraided him for intruding his family matters upon the public.

Bashfulness is much more frequently connected with good sense than assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the result of stupidity.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses, found afterward that she disagreed with him.

Teach your children early to speak the truth on all occasions. If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in the world of nature. Only one ass ever spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is that kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts at home.

Determine in your united strength that you will neither bequeath this war to your posterity, nor fight it twice yourselves. This is the council that comes from a true patriot, now in the centre of rebellion. He says he urges this alike from a prompting of love to the North and the South. Compromise, he adds, will in effect be defeat, and it only now remains to fight, and fight till we whip.

A man with influenza has only to stand or sit still. He can't travel unless his nose does, and the influenza stops his nose.

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a cold winter morning, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said, "What, sirrah, can't you tell?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, "I have it at my finger ends."

Thos. Carlyle once said there were plenty of shirts in England, plenty of backs, and the great problem appeared to be how to get the shirts and backs together. In this country there are plenty of arms and plenty of muskets, and the problem we are called upon to solve is how to get the muskets into the arms,—and we haven't got much time to figure.

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION. The ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is an ascertainable fact that, in proportion to the increased population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People now-a-days have something else to do but talk; not only do they live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity of reading to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home, they read; if they journey by the rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees and upon the banks of rivers, poring over the opened page; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, far within forests—everywhere men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and as the earliest, latest, highest occupation of this life, they read. The fact is incontestably true, that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the personal volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century.

[Chambers' Journal.]

A boy who had not returned after his holidays to school, which the master charged him to do, came at last loaded with a fine ham, as a bribe to the master, who took the ham but flogged the lad, and told him that he might give his compliments to his mother for the ham, but assured him that it should not save his bacon.

Last State Apportionment between Towns.

We have received a communication in reply to our article in a recent number of the Democrat upon the State apportionment under the last call of the President, under the signature of Adjutant General Hodsdon. For reasons hereinafter stated, we decline to publish it in full, but will give him the benefit of the points made against our article. He says:

"You must have wholly overlooked the important fact contained in my official circular of the 24th of Oct. last, and also in General Order No. 32 of the 31st ult., derived from Provost Marshal General Frye's communication to Gov. Coburn of the 20th ult. wherein he says, in speaking of the number of troops now called for from Maine, 'this is based on the enrolment of the first class and is exclusive of any deficiency you may have on present draft or former calls, and these will be considered, only in case another draft is necessary in January.'"

Not at all. When the quota for Maine was ascertained, Provost Marshal General Frye had no further jurisdiction over the matter in this State, except the State should fail before the 5th of January next to raise the required number of volunteers. Another thing; Col. Frye's order has no reference whatever to the apportionment of Maine's quota among the cities and towns in the State. It has reference altogether to the apportionment as between the States. This is a full answer to this point and disposes of the special pleading of the Adj. Gen. in which he says:

"It is not easily perceived, by what assumption of authority, or on what basis, Gov. Coburn could undertake a work which the government had thus in express and specific terms, suspended all such action in until a future day, and then to be entered upon, only in the event of a necessity for another draft."

Col. Frye calls on the State authorities for so many men and if the State furnishes them it is an end of the matter. He has no more authority in apportioning cities and towns, than he has in apportioning the scholars in Maine among the several towns or school districts. There is not a word in Col. Frye's order, which prohibits Gov. Coburn from equalizing the matter between the several cities and towns in the State.

Again the General says:

"You say that a town never furnishes its quota under the draft, until the number called for, able to go into the service are provided." If such a principle was recognized in making the apportionment under this call, as you insist should have been done by the State authorities, it would result in a failure to raise half of our quota of volunteers.

Why so? We say that a town never furnishes its quota under a draft until it gets the men able to go into the service, you say "if such a principle was recognized under the last call not half the men could be raised." Allow us here to say, you are arguing against yourself, for under the last call you have apportioned the men to be raised among the towns and they are all called upon for their full quota of able bodied men and if not furnished they are to be forced into it by a draft. You condemn our "principle" in words but fully endorse it in your acts. What is the difference if a town is called upon for so many men for the service, whether they raise them by draft or volunteering?

Of our demand that the draft and the last call should have been equalized between the several cities and towns, Gen. Hodsdon further says:

"And this you demand because these towns in violation of the spirit, and design of the draft law, have thrown away thousands of dollars in purchasing substitutes for men abundantly able to do it themselves."

The above paragraph is in exceedingly bad taste and a most ungenerous fling at those towns who generously and nobly stepped forward and relieved their conscripts of a load they were not able to bear alone. Paris, Oxford and many other towns in the State when the draft came off, thought the government wanted men and when they saw many of their conscripts were poor, hard working men, with large families on their hands, they came to their relief and paid them something to help them if they went, and help pay their substitutes if they could not go. Is the conscript because he is compelled to go not entitled to help or sympathy? If not then it is no hardship to be drafted. Towns that paid bounties to their conscripts, furnished the men, just what the government called for and wanted, but says Gen. Hodsdon, they "threw away" their money, of course are entitled to no credit for either men or money.

The remainder of the letter is a personal attack upon ourselves and for that reason we decline to publish it, and had it not been for this feature in the communication we would have spread it before our readers entire. Our readers would have no interest in a personal controversy. We have made no personal attack upon Gen. Hodsdon and shall reply to none from him. When he allowed his clerk (whom we believe to be the real author of the letter) to indulge in a fling at our loyalty he entirely mistook his man. We have just as much reason to charge disloyalty upon Gen. Hodsdon, as he has upon us. Some of the insinuations in this letter do great injustice to the head and heart of the Adjutant General. Ungenerous as they are, they do not disturb us in the least. We shall travel on in the old beaten track which leads to the complete and entire crushing out of this

wholly rebellion, and to this end we go in heart and soul as we always have for raising all the men and money the government calls for, and to the men who go to fight our battles, whether conscripts or volunteers we would pay generous and liberal bounties, and while we would do all this, we would never lose sight of the great principle of equality in the distribution of the burdens imposed upon a loyal and patriotic people.

THE SUFFERINGS OF PRISONERS. The surgeons lately released from the rebel prisons have made a formal report of the suffering and privations endured by the Union prisoners at Richmond. Their report confirms the story that has been reiterated by all who have been confined lately in the confederate prisons, even were words necessary to be added to the ragged, weak and ghastly appearance of all who are sent forward. They think that since the battle of Chickamauga, an average of fifty per day have died,—the prevailing disease being diarrhea, dysentery, and typhoid pneumonia; and of late the per centage has been largely increased. The number of sick is very large, and the only food given is sweet potatoes and corn bread. No meat is issued except to a few officers in the Libby prison, and the ration of wheat bread has been omitted, and corn bread substituted. Startling instances of individual suffering and horrid pictures of death, from protracted sickness and starvation they had thrust upon their attention. They say the first demand of the poor creatures from the island was always for something to eat. Self-respect gone, hope and ambition gone, half-clad, and covered with vermin and filth, many of them too often beyond all reach of medical skill. In one instance the ambulance brought sixteen to the hospital, and during the night seven of them died. Again eighteen were brought and eleven of them died in 24 hours. At another time fourteen were admitted, and in a single day ten of them died. Judging from what we have ourselves seen and do know, we do not hesitate to say that, under a treatment of systematic abuse, neglect and semi-starvation, the number who are becoming permanently broken down in their constitutions must be reckoned by thousands.

We are horrified when we picture the wholesale misery and death that will come with the biting frosts of winter. Recently several hundred prisoners per day were being removed to Danville. In two instances we were standing in view of them as their ranks filed past. It was a sad sight to see the attenuated features and pallid faces of men a few months since robust and in vigorous health. Numbers were without health—numbers were without shoes—nearly all without blankets or overcoats, and not a man did we see who was well and fully clad.

Congress meets next Monday. It is not considered that much time will be required to complete the organization of the House. Percy writes the Boston Journal that Hon. Schuyler Colfax has 70 administration men pledged to his support for the Speakership, which must be thinks, secure his election. The friends of Mr. Washburne of Illinois, profess to have strong hopes of his success. The candidate for Clerk will be taken from the East, from a list containing the names of several gentlemen well qualified to fill the position, and deserving the hearty support of the friends of the administration.

PROMPTLY DONE. The town of Westbrook, Mass., held a war meeting last week to see about raising its quota. The whole number required stepped forward and enlisted at once. This is the most prompt action that we have heard of. The old enthusiasm seems to be recovered under the influence of recent victories.

CAPTURED CANNON. While General Grant's loss of guns has been very trivial, he has captured within the past seven months four hundred and twelve rebel cannon, namely: fifty-two on his advance to Vicksburg, three hundred at that place, and sixty this week before Chattanooga. Among the latter was the famous Loomis Battery, captured by the rebels at Chickamauga. [Journal.]

FOR NEW YORK. The attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement of the line of steamers between Portland and New York. The boats are staunch and comfortable, and under the command of excellent officers, we are assured. The business of the steamers has constantly increased since the enterprise was commenced.

A SINGULAR CASE. Attention is invited to the notice of the Selectmen of Watford. They will be glad to receive any information which will serve to identify the remains.

The American Agriculturist comes to us with leaves cut, and thirty-five different pencil marks calling attention to articles. We are at a loss to know whether the publisher took this pains, or some enterprising post-master drew upon us for interesting Sunday reading.

CORRECTION. In an article published two weeks since, in noting the former members of the Oxford Bar, the name of Levi Stowell, Esq., was inadvertently classed with those deceased. Mr. Stowell is still living in one of the Western States, having removed from Maine some ten or twelve years since.

OLD PAPERS. Since paper has been so high, almost any store in the country contains old piles of all kinds of wrapping paper. We had the curiosity a day or two since, to overhaul some of these stray papers. First turned up a No. of Little's Living Age, full of wisdom, yet laid on the altar of a country trader. We put it into our pocket and carried it home. Next was a file of the Christian Mirror thirty-old years old which was the repository of much that was familiar to us in our boyhood. The Clergymen who figured so largely that day are nearly all gone to their final home. In strange contrast with this in point of respectability was the Bethel Courier, the bantling we cherished for two years, or more. Our first glance fell on the place where we gave Bro. Elwell of the Transcript such a terrible thrashing for talking so about us. A stray copy of the Oxford Democrat turned up with a speech covering one side, setting forth some of the sins of the nation in a strong light, but perhaps, too truly verified since. There is an old file of the Boston Cultivator, and another of the Free Press an anti-slavery paper. Many families were in the habit of filing their favorite paper now to be torn asunder for wrapping purposes. In a Transcript we found one of our communications which we wrote years ago, and which everybody ought to have read and remembered. Stepping into another store we found an Argus battling away about the Tariff, while peacefully by its side was a quantity of the Portland Advertiser which seemed to be showing up the Administration of Martin Van Buren. Many files of papers are now destroyed which ought to find their way into Historical Libraries.

N. T. T.

MAINE FIFTH. The Courier says that Col. Scammon has brought to that office two swords, sent to him as trophies by Col. C. S. Edwards of the 5th Maine, which were surrendered to that gallant officer at the battle of the Rappahannock on the night of the 7th inst., at the time he took a thousand prisoners with 110 of his brave Regiment. One was surrendered by Col. C. H. Marcherson, commanding the 54th North Carolina Regiment and is a U. S. Cavalry sabre and the other, a Brigadier General's sword, was surrendered by the Col. commanding the Brigade known as the "Louisiana Tigers."

Chaplain Chase of the 5th regiment writes to the Bangor Whig that the sword of one of the officers of the Louisiana Tigers, surrendered on the 7th inst., to Lieut. McLellan, of Co. K, 5th Maine, was found to bear on the hilt the name of "Lieut. W. S. Goodale, 4th Maine Volunteers," who, it will be remembered, was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, Dec. 11, 1862.

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.—VEGETABLES FOR THE ARMY. All contributions to the cargo of vegetables now being collected for our soldiers South, should be sent to W. H. Hadley, Special Agent Sanitary Commission, Portland; and when sent by rail, the freight should not be paid. The several companies will pass these goods free. Gorham and Gray have set examples worthy of imitation. The good people at once opened depots at several convenient places in each town, to which all contributors send their gifts. Those who have only empty barrels send them for others to fill. We have good prospects of about seventy-five barrels from each of these towns.

W. H. HADLEY.

Rev. Samuel Souther of Worcester, Mass. was among the first to volunteer to fill the quota of Mass., under the late call. Mr. Souther is a native of Fryeburg, and for several years has been employed as city missionary. For the past two years he was a Representative in the Legislature.

OYSTER SUPPER. Messrs. Woodman, Bro. & Co., gave an oyster supper, on the evening of the 25th, to those who assisted in securing their property during the freshet. Some two hundred people were present, the proprietors having numbered in the list of invitations many who served in the home guard on that night of peril.

An unsuccessful attempt was made last Saturday, to launch the new iron-clad Dictator. She would not go off, even under the influence of a big hydraulic ram, and the united strength of eight or ten steam-tugs. The vessel weighs above 5,000,000 pounds.

The Boston Transcript states that one of the deacons in the First Presbyterian Church in Newburyport left the Church in indignation on Thanksgiving day, because the beautiful President's Hymn, written by Dr. Muhlenberg, was sung.

John Morgan, the rebel guerilla, who has been confined at Cincinnati, made his escape Saturday, by digging out of his cell. Great efforts are being made to capture him.

BOUNTIES. The town of Lovell has voted to pay \$300 to those who volunteer, under the late call. Quota, 17. Sweden pays \$200, to the men who shall fill her quota.

HIGH SCHOOL AND EXHIBITION AT NO. PARIS. The term of School under the instruction of A. E. Bessee, terminated with an exhibition last week. It is but due to Mr. Bessee to say that under his care this has been a very profitable School. The School numbered 30 students. The exhibition was a decided success, and was fully attended. Several of the pieces elicited much applause.

A CITIZEN.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Volunteers. Come forth.

Are the people of this town, this County and this Congressional District fully prepared to furnish the soldiers called for by the Government? Are they fully satisfied of the necessity of furnishing their several quotas first by volunteering, or if not thus by draft? If our people, of all ranks and conditions, of all parties and opinions are not satisfied of this necessity, the sooner they become so, the better, both for this locality and the country. The President has issued his call for more soldiers, by volunteering. The Governor of our State has likewise made a most stirring and patriotic appeal to the people to fill up the quota of the State—8000 men, by volunteering. If soldiers and citizens volunteer, as they can easily do, the army can be replenished—the rebellion suppressed—and the country restored and saved. If our citizens will not come up to this work voluntarily, then we must submit to the other alternative, the draft. We now have one month more—till the 5th proximo—to supply our quota by voluntary effort. Shall we do it?

The inducements are ample—far greater than at any preceding time. They are as follows:

Veteran recruits for the incomplete organizations now in this State receive from government, \$402.00
From the State, 100.00
Total, 502.00

Of which there is paid in advance, including one month's wages, \$175.00.

To veteran recruits for regiments or corps now in the field the government pays, \$402.00
The State pays, 25.00
Total, 427.00

Of which there is paid in advance, \$130.00.

New recruits for the incomplete organizations now in this State receive from government, \$402.00
From this State, 300.00
Total, 702.00

Of which there is paid in advance, \$150.00.

To new recruits for regiments or corps now in the field, the government pays, \$302.00
The State pays, 55.00
Total, 357.00

By this it will be seen that a bounty of \$502, is paid to veteran recruits for either of the veteran Regiments or the Battery forming in this State—\$457 to veteran recruits who will join any regiment or corps now in the field. These recruits are thus bountifully paid by the nation and State, while in addition to this the towns—Paris for instance—add for each recruit, of each class the sum of \$300, making respectively the sums of \$802,—\$757,—\$500, and 657.

Who will under these circumstances, oppose the volunteering of our citizen soldiers? Or rather who will not encourage a hearty response to this call of our country be he Democrat or Republican—a later of the Government or a lover of it? The one class should and will do it to uphold the authority of the Constitution and the laws. The other might and should find a good reason to advocate volunteering, viz: to avoid the much dreaded draft.

Why solicit volunteers under present circumstances? There is every reason for doing it. The people have within the last few weeks declared that only one result can follow this Slaveholders' rebellion; and that is Union with the abolition of the cause of this Rebellion. The theory, the will, the greatness of no individual, be he President, Senator or General can now arrest this destiny. The soldiers have recorded their testimony in favor of this result, as well as the people at home among ten thousand valleys and hills. He who puts himself in front of this mighty power to oppose it will simply be ground to powder.

And there are other reasons too numerous to mention. It is love and mercy to end this war as soon as possible. Our country bleeds at every pore. The slain are all over the land. A bowl of distress comes from the people who have rebelled. Commiseration, pity and compassion, almost in vain, strive to help and alleviate the sufferings of those, who from starvation are dying prisoners in rebel dens. Victory is crowning the banners of the Republic. All these things are motives to end the strife. Let us, then, call upon all our citizens to move forward and by voluntary effort secure the benefits of peace at the earliest moment.

FROM EUROPE. There is little news by the last steamer. The Great Eastern is to be sold at auction, by order of the mortgagees. The Times argues that the proposition for a European Congress is losing ground, and that the scheme is abortive. The Spanish government favors the candidacy of Maximilian for the Mexican throne. A decree of amnesty has been issued in Italy, liberal and comprehensive. France requires a credit of ninety-one million of francs to meet the Mexican expenses. The Japan princes are preparing for war, and Sweden is making great naval preparations. The English papers have little to say about the American war, except the Times which always blusters.

The wife and daughters of the pirate Semmes, at Baltimore, have been arrested for attempting to poison our soldiers. Some bottles of wine sent by them to the hospitals were found to contain arsenic. Some of the men were made very sick.

A war Democrat belonging in New York, has refunded \$110, which he says he received wrongfully from the government. The secretary says no steps will be taken to identify the parties making such restitution, so the example may be safely followed.

Details of the Battle at Chattanooga.

HEADQUARTERS, CHATTANOOGA, NOV. 26.

On the 23d instant, at 11.30 A. M., Gen. Grant ordered a demonstration against Missionary Ridge, to develop the force holding it. The troops marched out, formed in order and advanced in a line of battle as if on parade. The rebels watched the formation, and movement from the summit of Missionary Ridge, 500 feet above us, and thought it was a review and drill, so openly and deliberately, and so regular was it all done. The line advanced, preceded by skirmishers, and at 2 P. M. reached our picket lines and opened a rattling volley upon the rebel pickets, who replied and retired to their advanced line of rifle pits. After them went our skirmishers and into them along the center of the line of 25,000 troops, which Gen. Thomas had so finely deployed, until he opened fire.

The next day at daylight Gen. Thomas had 5000 men across the Tennessee river, and established on its south bank, commenced the construction of a pontoon bridge about six miles above Chattanooga. The rebel steamer Dunbar was repaired at the right moment, and rendered efficient aid in this crossing, carrying over 6,000 men. By nightfall Gen. Thomas had seized the extremity of Missionary Ridge nearest the river, and was entrenching himself. Gen. Howard, with a brigade, opened communication with him from Chattanooga to the south side of the river. Skirmishing and cannonading continued all day on the left and centre. General Hooker scaled the slopes of Lookout Mountain, and from the Lookout Valley Creek drove the rebels around the position. He captured some 2,000 prisoners and established himself high up the mountain side, in full view of Chattanooga. This raised the blockade, and new steamers were ordered from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. They had run only to Kelly's Ferry, whence ten miles of hauling over mountain roads and twice across the Tennessee river on pontoon bridges, brought us our supplies. All night the point of Missionary Ridge on the extreme left, and the side of Lookout Mountain on the extreme right, blazed with the camp fires of loyal troops.

The day had been one of dense mist and rain, and much of Gen. Hooker's battle was fought above the clouds, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard. At nightfall the sky cleared and the full moon shone upon the beautiful scene until 1 o'clock A. M., when the twinkling sparks upon the mountain side showed that picket skirmishing was going on.

A brigade sent from Chattanooga, crossed the Chattanooga Creek and opened communication with Gen. Hooker at daylight on the 25th. The stars and stripes were descried on the peak of Lookout Mountain. The rebels had evacuated the mountain, and Gen. Hooker moved to descend the mountain, and striking Missionary Ridge at Rossville Gap, to sweep on both sides and on its summit. The rebel troops were seen as soon as it was light enough streaming regiments and brigades along the narrow summit of Missionary Ridge, either concentrating on the right to overwhelm Sherman, or marching for the railroad and raising the siege. They had evacuated the valley of Chattanooga. Would they abandon Chickamauga? The 20-pounders and 4-14 inch rifles of Gen. Wood's redoubt opened on Missionary Ridge. Orchard Knob sent its compliments to the Ridge, which, with the rifle Parrottes answered, and the cannonade thus commenced continued all day. The headquarters were under fire.

All day long cannonading and musketry were heard from Gen. Sherman, and Gen. Howard marched the 11th corps to join him. Gen. Thomas sent out skirmishers, who drove the rebel pickets and chased them into their entrenchments, and at the foot of Missionary Ridge Gen. Sherman made an assault against Bragg's right, entrenched on a high knob next to that on which Gen. Sherman himself lay fortified. The assault was gallantly made. Gen. Sherman reached the edge of the crest and held his ground, it seemed to me, an hour, but was bloodily repulsed by the rebel reserves.

A general advance was ordered and a strong line of skirmishers, followed by a deployed line of battle, some two miles in length. At a signal from headquarters, on Orchard Knob, the line moved rapidly and orderly forward. The rebel pickets discharged their muskets and retreated to their rifle pits, and our skirmishers followed on their heels. The line of battle was not far behind, and we saw the grey rebels swarm on the ledge line of rebel pits, in numbers which surprised us, and over the base of the hill. A few turned and fired their pieces, but the greater number collected into many roads which crossed obliquely up its steep face and went on to the top. Some regulars passed up the steep sides of the ridge, and here and there a color was advanced beyond the lines. The attempt appeared most dangerous, but the advance was supported and the whole line was ordered to storm the heights, upon which not less than forty pieces of artillery, and no one knew how many muskets, stood ready to slaughter the assailants. With cheer answering cheer, the men advanced upwards to the points least difficult of ascent, and the line was broken. Color after color was planted upon the summit, while muskets and cannon vomited their fire upon them. A well directed shot from Orchard Knob exploded a rebel caisson on the summit, and the gun was seen galloping to the right, its driver lashing his horses. A party of our soldiers intercepted

ed them, and the gun was captured with cheers.

A fierce musketry fight broke out to the left, where, between Thomas and Sherman, a mile or two of the Ridge was occupied by the rebels. Bragg left the house in which he had held his headquarters and rode to the rear, as our troops crossed the hill on the other side of him. Gen. Grant proceeded to its summit, and then only did we know its height.

Some of the captured artillery was now put in position and the caissons were searched for ammunition. The rebel breastworks were torn to pieces and carried to the other side of the Ridge and used in forming barricades. A strong line of infantry was formed in the rear of Baird's line, hotly engaged in a musketry contest with the rebels to the left, and a secure lodging was soon effected. The other assault, to the right of our center gained the summit, when the rebels threw down their arms and fled, Hooker, coming into a favorable position, swept the right of the Ridge and captured many prisoners.

Bragg's remaining troops left early in the night, and the battle of Chattanooga, after two days of maneuvering and fighting, was won.

The strength of the rebellion in the center is broken and Gen. Burnside is relieved from danger, and East Tennessee, Kentucky, and Tennessee, are secured. Georgia and the South East are threatened in the rear, and another victory is added to the chapter of "Unconditional Surrender Grant."

To-night the estimate of captures is several thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery. Our loss for so great a victory is not severe.

Bragg is firing the railroad as he retreats toward Dalton, Ga. Sherman is in hot pursuit. To-day I reviewed the battlefield, which extends along Missionary Ridge for six miles and for several miles on Lookout Mountain. Probably not so well ordered a battle has been delivered during the war. But one assault was repulsed.

A few days since Bragg sent to Gen. Grant a flag of truce advising him that it would be prudent to remove any non-combatants who might be at Chattanooga. No reply has been returned, but the combatants having removed from this vicinity, it is probable that non-combatants can remain without impediment.

(Signed) M. C. MEIGS, Quartermaster General.

Dalton, Georgia, promises to furnish the next battlefield of the armies of Generals Grant and Bragg. Dalton is thirty-eight miles from Chattanooga, and beyond the tremendous range of mountains which almost entirely fill the space between that place and the State line. Its location is in a beautiful valley surrounded by mountains. It is one of the most flourishing towns in the State, although not more than twenty-four years old. It has three thousand inhabitants. The distance from Dalton to Atlanta is about a hundred miles, through a rather poor section of Georgia, only disturbed by an occasional range of monster hills.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 1. The Commercial's Cumberland Gap correspondent telegraphs to-night that all the available troops have been sent from there to intercept Longstreet's retreat into Virginia. He says a courier from Knoxville brings intelligence of the enemy's attempt to cross the river on Sunday, bringing on a general engagement and resulting in the defeat of the enemy and capture of Gen. Wheeler's division of 5000 rebels.

The Army of the Potomac commenced another advance on Thursday last. Friday in crossing one of the Fords on the Rapid Ann, a smart engagement was fought. Saturday operations were nearly suspended by the rain. The latest dates represent both armies to be in close proximity, at Mine Run, on the plank road from Orange to Fredericksburg, and 12 miles from the former point. Our forces have occupied Fredericksburg. The army has severed its connection with Washington, and a new base of supplies has been made, probably by Aquia Creek. The situation is a difficult one, the country about the creek being marshy, and the turnpike the only ground upon which troops can march.

The news from Texas continues favorable. Gen. Banks has occupied several new points. He finds a loyal sentiment is rapidly developed, and has opened recruiting offices. The military governor and staff have gone to Brownville. The Charleston papers report activity on the part of the federals in that department. The reported burning of Charleston was not correct. Some shells have been thrown into the town, which serve to stir up the residents occasionally. One dropped into the vaults of one of the banks.

FIRE AT BETHEL. We hear the steam mill at Bethel was destroyed by fire last Sunday afternoon. The mill was built some ten years ago, at a cost with the grounds, of nearly \$20,000, and employed some 35 men. We supposed that it was owned by John Lynch but the Press states that it was in the hands of a stock company, who are looking about Lewiston, for a place to commence operations again. The mill had been repaired thoroughly during the season, and arrangements made to run day and night through the winter.

Rev. U. B. Barlett of Wayne, writes the Lewiston Journal that on Sunday, he laid the request for vegetables, for the army, before his people. On Monday he was instructed to provide transportation for one hundred barrels. That was a good start. Who will start the ball in Oxford County.

In Paris by John Demott, Esq., Nov. 26th, Mr. Joseph A. Small to Miss Lora S. Jarvis south of Norway.

In Sweden, Nov. 26, by Rev. Joseph Smith, Henry F. Howard of Roundfard to Miss Clara M. Wadbury of Sweden.

In Albany, 26th ult., Benjamin S. Peabody to Miss Lizzie V. Murry, both of Greenacred.

In Upton, Nov. 26th by J. G. Rich Esq., Mr. Horatio T. Chase of Upton to Miss Abby E. Sanborn of Erroll N. H.

In East Boston, Nov. 26th, Mr. William J. Warren of Boston to Miss Ruth A. Bryant of Hartford.

In Tancet, Nov. 26th by D. H. Tongue Esq., Mr. Abner P. Boinery and Mrs. Ellen T. Shaw, both of Hackfield.

In Randolph, Nov. 28, by Rev. J. Lufkin, Mr. F. C. Richardson to Miss Lucy S. Allen both of Mexico.

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DIED.

In Greenwood Nov. 21st, Ada Florence, daughter of B. M. and W. F. Murray, aged 2 years, 4 months and 11 days.

